

## A Dollar Tip

It Was Afterward  
Returned For a  
Charitable Purpose

By EDNA TROWBRIDGE

Viscount Hurligh was dead, and his son inherited the title, with the entail of estates. Dowager Viscountess Hurligh was now face to face with a family problem. Her son was provided for, but she had a daughter, Gladys, for whom there was no provision whatever and whom her mother considered entirely incapable of providing for herself. Lady Gladys had been born in America, where new fields are opening to women every day and where the daughters in wealthy families often work from mere preference, might have done very well. In England she was bound to be a failure. There is just as much special fitness for society as any other department of life, and Lady Gladys Hurligh did not possess such fitness. When the young swells were brought up and introduced to her they got no response to their society chitchat and left her as soon as they could politely do so. Some Oxford or Cambridge professor might draw out what there was in her, but not the dancing man of the smart set.

The dowager viscountess was a practical woman, who instinctively understood the laws of supply and demand. American women of fortune were marrying titles in England, but she could not recall a single case of an Englishwoman of noble family marrying a rich American. British noblemen went to America for their wives. Why should not a British girl of a titled family go to America for a husband?

Letters of introduction were obtained to the social leaders of New York, and Lady Hurligh sailed with her



DROPPED A SILVER DOLLAR IN THE FORT MAN'S HAND.

daughter on her errand of conquest. I say her errand, for she had the good sense to keep her object a secret from Gladys, knowing that if the girl knew it she would flatly decline to go, and when Gladys put her foot down there was no lifting it. The mother intended to guide the way diplomatically keeping her daughter so far as possible from scientists, literary men, artists—indeed, all who used their brains in fields that were considered unprofitable. As to merchants and manufacturers, they were not to be considered. She proposed to surround her candidate with the wealthy society men of New York, ready to take advantage of any opportunity that might arise to supply Gladys' natural deficiency as a husband angler.

As the mother had expected, she and her daughter as members of the British nobility received every attention in New York, and the young men flocked about the young lady. But the men never got beyond a certain point. Gladys gave them an opportunity to show what of intrinsic value there was in them, and when it was apparent, as it was with most of them, that their brains were in their heels she shut herself up like a clam, and they soon dropped away from her. Her mother was disappointed. After spending a season without results Lady Hurligh threw up the sponge and prepared to go back to England.

Then came a request from Gladys that they see something of those engineering and mechanical wonders that she had heard of as existing in America. Lady Hurligh knew that a request from her daughter was not to be denied and reluctantly consented.

One morning Gladys and her mother, piloted by a gentleman and his wife, drove up before an enormous manufacturing concern and, nighting, entered the office, making a request to be shown the premises. At each department they were turned over to the foreman, who made such explanations of the machinery and processes as they asked for. One of these foremen, a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four, instead of allowing them to gaze unintelligently at what they saw without their asking explained everything.

Indeed, he made himself and what he spoke of interesting to all except the viscountess, who declined to be interested by any man in a suit of overalls. When they left his department Gladys was much pleased at the young man's offer to show them over the balance of the work and accepted it with thanks. She was somewhat surprised that he should encroach upon parts of the factory under other foremen, but he made no explanation of the matter, and it was soon forgotten in the interest he excited in what they were seeing. When they were ushered out to their conveyance Lady Hurligh dropped a silver dollar in the foreman's hand, much to her daughter's mortification. Seeing her embarrassment, he showed a delicacy far above his station by accepting the tip as a matter of course.

This was the last visit Lady Hurligh made with her daughter to any of the commercial or mechanical wonders of America. After that she told Gladys that she might go where she liked if she would only cut it short so that they might get back to England, and in a few weeks they sailed for home. The poor woman had met with a great disappointment.

At the opening of the next season when the "American invasion" of England, as the English people call the beggars of our tourists to Europe, began, persons whom Lady Hurligh and her daughter had met in America commenced to send in their cards. The younger of these persons the viscountess left to her daughter to entertain. Gladys, who had been much pleased with the freshness, the absence of sham among the masses, that she had found in America, surprised her mother by doing the honors successfully. Indeed, Gladys was far more attentive to them than her mother considered necessary, for the older lady not having gained anything from her visit was disposed to let the visitors see England by themselves.

Few young American men put in an appearance and these the viscountess left entirely to Gladys, seeing none of them herself. One day a Mr. Edwin Atherton called, and the card being taken to Lady Hurligh, raising her glasses to read the name and not recognizing it, she sent it to her daughter with a request that she receive the visitor. Some time after that when Mr. Atherton called again, Gladys, who was dressing, asked her mother to go down and entertain him till she had finished her toilet. The viscountess did as she was asked, and though she felt sure she had seen Mr. Atherton before could not place him. Nevertheless, to the manner born, she greeted him as one she remembered perfectly, but was careful to keep the conversation on general topics that she should not betray her ignorance of his identity. Her daughter appearing, she turned the guest over to her and, excusing herself, left the room.

It was not long before Lady Hurligh noticed that Mr. Atherton was becoming a frequent caller. One day she asked Gladys who he was and where in America they had met him. But Gladys' identification was not especially clear, and her mother got but little satisfaction. The American's calls continuing and certain attentions coming from him to Gladys that indicated more than an ordinary interest, the fond mother made another effort to learn from her daughter something about him. All attempts failed, but after one of Mr. Atherton's calls, Gladys went to her mother radiantly happy and, handing her an American silver dollar, said:

"Mr. Atherton asked me to give this to you for one of your charities."

The viscountess looked at the dollar then at Gladys. Something in the girl's face excited a desire for further information.

"Do you remember, mother, when we were in America visiting a factory being shown over the premises by a foreman and you tipping him when we went away?"

"It seems to me I do."

"Well, that's the identical dollar you gave him."

The mother looked stupefied, and the daughter continued:

"That foreman is the son and heir of the founder and principal owner of those works. In America, it seems, the sons of manufacturers sometimes go into their fathers' works to learn the business, occupying successively every post from the lowest grade. This Mr. Atherton is one of these persons. He has finished his apprenticeship and has come abroad on a vacation before assuming the vice presidency of the works of which his father is president."

Lady Hurligh listened to this with intense interest. When Gladys had finished she said:

"Are you quite sure, daughter, that he has not come on any other account than a vacation?"

"He has, mother," replied the daughter, blushing. "He has told me that, after having shown us the factory, he made a resolution that he would follow me to England with a view to winning me for his wife."

"And you have accepted him?"

"I have."

There were counter currents in the mother's heart. The idea of her daughter marrying a mechanic that she had seen in overalls and whom she had thought it proper to tip was a terrible shock to her, but when she learned that the young man was heir to millions she was mollified, and when he was presented to her as her future son-in-law she received him as well as could have been expected under the circumstances.

Atherton is now attending to business in America, where he and his wife live. Mrs. Atherton boasts that she is the only Englishwoman who ever attacked the American matrimonial market so far as she knows, and cautions away a prize.

## POWER OF SILENCE.

John Randolph Used It to Confuse a Powerful Opponent.

In painting the sacrifice of Iphigenia the artist, it is said, exhausted the emotions of grief and horror in the faces of the bystanders.

"He has left nothing unsaid. How can he depict her father's sorrow?" was the anxious query of those friends who were watching the development of the picture. The artist threw a mantle over Agamemnon's face. The blank silence was more effective than any picture woe.

One of the most extraordinary effects produced by an absolute silence is recorded in the reports of a convention in which the foremost men of Virginia took part. John Randolph had a measure to carry in which he looked for the opposition of Alexander Campbell, a man then noted for his scholarship and power in debate.

Randolph had never seen the Scotch logician, but he had heard enough of him to make him and his partisans uneasy. When, therefore, the gaunt stranger first rose to speak in the convention Randolph looked at him with such an air of alarm as to attract the whole attention of the convention and as he glanced around seemed to be asking for sympathy in his coming defeat. He then composed himself to listen in rapt attention.

Campbell, aware of this byplay, hesitated and lost the thread of his argument. Randolph's face by turns as he listened expressed weariness, indifference and finally contempt. He leaned back and yawned. Campbell sat down hastily. He had lost the whole force of his speech. Not a word had been spoken, but he was defeated.—St. Louis Republic.

## POLICE BLUE BOOK.

Only Eminent Rascals Find a Place Among Its Pages.

The "Who's Who" of America's criminals is a handsome volume, bound in limp leather, a limited edition of which is issued every year or so. Only members of "the four hundred" of the criminal world find representation in this register, and an entire page is devoted to each individual mentioned. Officially the volume is known as the Identification Album of the National Bureau of Criminal Identification, an institution having headquarters at Washington. Data for the album, which is literally a blue book, are supplied by the police departments of over a hundred cities throughout the country, and it is to these departments that the volumes are distributed.

Each branch of criminal endeavor has a separate chapter in the book, one telling of pickpockets, another of forgers, and so on. At the top of each page are reproduced two photographs of a distinguished criminal—a profile and full face. Below come name, aliases, age, height, weight, general appearance and marks and scars. Bertillon measurements and criminal record fill out the page.

Filed in the bureau are about 75,000 identification cards dealing with criminals not sufficiently famous to deserve place in the "Who's Who." Each of these cards is similar to a page from the book. About one-tenth of the total number of cards are for women. About one-fourth are for negroes.—Green Bag.

## Cathedral a War Chest.

St. Petersburg as well as Moscow has some cathedrals which are marvels of ecclesiastical architecture. St. Isaac's cathedral, for instance, in the center of the city, cost 24,000,000 rubles, or \$12,000,000. Scores and scores of immense marble pillars adorn its four equal sides, while several of the beautiful green malachite columns within are worth a king's ransom. It is said that in the golden domes of St. Isaac's and the jewels within Russia has a "war chest" that would defend her from her enemies for many a month if she should need the gold.—Christian Herald.

## Kept Him Modest.

Lord Herschel, having delivered an address before a large audience, was afterward waited on by the local reporter, who requested a digest of the deliverance. "How is it you were not present to hear it for yourself?" inquired the noble peer. "Oh," said the reporter, "I had something more important to attend to—a big boxing match." Lord Herschel admitted that this kept him modest.—London Opinion.

## Everlasting.

Dear's Daughter.—I'm sorry you don't like the vicar's sermons, William. What is the matter with them? Are they too long? William.—Yes, miss. You t' curate 'e says, "In conclusion," and 'e do conclude. But t' vicar 'e says "Lastly," and 'e do last.—London Mail.

## About Nothing.

Mamma.—What in the world are you two quarrelling about? Little Dick.—Nothing. "Nothing, eh?"

"Yes'm. Dot left her box of candy here, an' when she came back there was nothin' in it."

## The Distant Uncle.

Shortleigh.—My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondike. Longleigh.—Why, how's that? Shortleigh.—Has plenty of wealth, but is cold and distant.—Smart Set Magazine.

## Misleading.

Mugg (applying for a job).—Sir, I am honest myself. Prospective Employer.—Indeed! I imagined it looked different.—Boston Transcript.



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